

STORY ABOUT TOMMY

Say, did you hear about the rumpus Tommy Goosenberry started at home last night?

It was too good to stifle, but it does make Tommy's pa sore to hear it repeated.

Well, Mr. Goosenberry was reading his evening paper and wasn't paying much attention to the family at all, until he overheard Tommy telling Katie this:

"I saw a mouse running up pa's trousers' leg, and——"

Mr. Goosenberry grabbed at his leg and jumped up, turning over the table and both rockers. Besides that, he hollered to beat the band.

"What are you yelling about, pa?" Mrs. Goosenberry asked, as she came running in the room.

"Yelling!" exclaimed Pa Goosenberry, "you'd yell too, if you had a mouse run up your——"

"Oh, it wasn't them pants you got on," interjected Tommy, "it was the pair hanging up in the cellar what I saw the mouse in."

Tommy's Sunday school teacher invited all of her class to a little party Saturday afternoon. Tommy went. He couldn't be kept away from a party by anything less than the mumps.

After the boys had played some games the teacher marched them into her diningroom and gave each a dish of ice cream and a slice of cake.

After the last crumb of cake and spoonful of cream had disappeared, the teacher thought she'd give the class an object lesson in honesty being the best policy.

IT'S UP TO



"Now," she began, "suppose you boys had come into my house and taken the cake without my leave, would you have enjoyed it as much?"

"Oh, no, ma'am!" shouted nine different boys, Tommy yelling loudest.

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

No reply. So she put the question again, but still there was no reply.

"Tommy," she insisted, "can't you tell me?"

"Yes, ma'am," faltered the pride of the Goosenberry family.

"Well?" urged the teacher.

"Please, teacher, we — we wouldn't have had the ice cream then."